

The Middletown Transcript.

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Hardware, Stoves, Tin, &c.

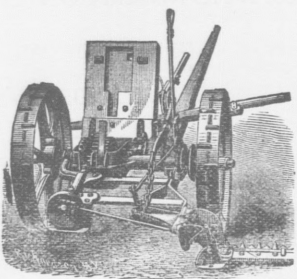
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Agricultural Implements,

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March 16, 1878.

Select Poetry.

FANTASIE DE PRINTEMPS.
In the aisles of the orchard fair blossoms are drifting,
The white petals drop one by one,
And the tulip's pale stalk from the garden is lifting
A goblet of gems to the sun!
Come ramble awhile through this exquisite weather
Of days that are fleet to pass,
When the stem of the willow shoots out a green feather,
And buttercups burn in the grass!
When, pushing the soil from her bonny pink shoulders,
The clover glides forth to the world,
And the fresh mosses gleam on the gray rugged boulders,
With delicate May-dew impoiled!
The brook in the pasture has hidden its pebbles,
Full flooded with April rain,
And listen, my love, to the silvery tangles
That ring from the blossoming lane!
What vows to their sweethearts the gay robins utter!
No marvel such woosers are heard!
Heigh ho! how the blossoms that scorn us would flutter
If man could make love like a bird!
Elgar Fawcett.

Historical.

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

On August 31, 1870, an army found itself assembled and, as it were, massed, under the walls of Sedan, in a place called Fond de Givonne. This army was a French army; 29 brigades, 15 divisions, four army corps, 90,000 men. This army was at this place no one knew why, without order, without purpose, pell-mell, as a kind of a heap of men thrown there as though to be grasped by a giant hand.

This army did not experience or seem to experience, for the moment, any immediate uneasiness. It knew, or thought it knew, that the foe was pretty remote. Calculating the marches at the rate of four leagues a day, it was removed by three days' march. Still, toward evening, the chiefs made some wise strategic arrangements; as the rear of the army rested upon Sedan and the Meuse river, they projected it by two lines of battle: one, consisting of the Seventh Corps, and extending from Floing to Givonne; the other, consisting of the Twelfth Corps, and extending from Givonne to Bazelles, a triangle of which the Meuse formed the hypotenuse.

The Twelfth Corps, including the three divisions of Lacretelle, Lartigue, and Wolff, drawn up in a straight line, with the artillery between the brigades, constituted a real barrier, having at its extremities Bazelles and Givonne and in its centre Daigny; the two divisions of Petit and Lheritier abutted the barrier. Gen. Lebrun commanded the Twelfth Corps.

The Seventh Corps, commanded by Gen. Douay, included only two divisions, Dumont's division, and Guilbert's, and formed the other line of battle covering the army from Givonne to Floing, toward Illy; this line was relatively weak—too open in the direction of Givonne, and only protected in the direction of the Meuse by the two cavalry divisions of Marguerite and Bonnemains, and by Guyonard's brigade resting in a square upon Floing. In this triangle were encamped the Fifth Corps, under Gen. Wimpfen, and the First Corps, under Gen. Ducrot. Michel's division of cavalry covered the First Corps toward Daigny; the Fifth leaned upon Sedan. Four divisions, each drawn up in two lines, Lheritier's, Grandchamp's, Goze's and Concell-Damenil's, formed a sort of horse shoe turned toward Sedan and connecting the first line of battle with the second. Amel's division of cavalry, and Fontanges' brigade acted as a reserve for these four divisions. The whole artillery was in these two lines of battle. Two sections of the army were in mid-air, one to the right of Sedan, beyond Balan, and the other on the left, this side of Iges. Beyond Balan were Vissoigne's division and Reboul's brigade; this side of Iges were Marguerite's and Bonnemains' division of cavalry.

These arrangements indicated a sense of perfect security. First of all the Emperor Napoleon would not have come there had he not been quite easy in mind. The Fond de Givonne is what Napoleon I. was wont to call a wash-bowl, and what Admiral Tremp called a *pot de chambre*. No packing-box could be closer. An army on the spot is thoroughly at home, as to be too much so; it runs the risk of not being able to leave the place. This gave preoccupation to a few valiant and prudent chiefs like Wimpfen, who were not listened to. If worst comes to worst, said the members of the imperial suite, we are always sure to reach Mezieres, and, happen what may, the Belgian frontier. But ought such extreme eventualities to be foreseen? In certain cases, to foresee is almost to offend. So all agreed for tranquility's sake.

Had they been uneasy, they would have cut the bridges over the Meuse, but no one thought of doing so. To what end? The enemy was far away. The Emperor, evidently well informed, asserted it.

The army bivouacked rather pell-mell, as we mentioned above, and slept peacefully through the night of Aug. 31, having, under all circumstances, or believing that it had, a retreat upon Mezieres open to it. Even the most common measures of precaution were discarded; no cavalry reconnaissances were undertaken; they did not even send out grand guards; a German writer says so. They were separated from the German Army by 14 leagues at least; they did not know precisely where that army was; they fancied it was scattered, holding ill together, ill advised, directed somewhat at haphazard upon several objective points simultaneously, unable to effect a converging movement upon a single spot, like Sedan; they thought they knew that the Prince of Saxony was marching upon Chalons, and the Prince of Prussia upon Metz; they were ignorant of everything concerning the German Army, its chiefs, its plans, its equipment, its numbers. Did it still practice the strategy of Gustavus-Adolphus? Was it still no further than the tactics of Frederick II.? No one knew. They were sure that in a few weeks they would be in Berlin. Pshaw! the Prussian Army! They spoke of the war as a dream, and of the hostile army as a phantom.

During this same night, while the French Army slumbered, this is what was being done:

At 1.45 o'clock in the morning, at the headquarters of Mouton, Albert, Prince Royal of Saxony, moved with the Army of the Meuse; the Royal Guard took up its arms on an alarm, and two divisions advanced, one upon Villers-Cernay, by Escambre and Four-aux-Bois, the other upon Francheval, by Suchy and Four-aux-Bois, Remy. The artillery of the guard followed at the same hour, the Twelfth Saxon Corps took up its arms on an alarm, and through the highway south of Douzy, proceeded toward Lamecourt and marched upon Moncelle; the First Bavarian Corps marched upon Bazelles, supported at Renilly-sur-Meuse by a division of artillery of the Fourth Corps. The other division of the Fourth Corps crossed the Meuse at Mouton, and was massed as a reserve Mairy, on the right bank. The three columns kept connected with each other. Orders had been given the advance guard not to commence any offensive movement before 5 o'clock, and to occupy Four-aux-Bois, Eour-Saint-Remy, and Le Douay. The knapsacks had been left with the baggage. The artillery trains did not stir. The Prince of Saxony was on horseback on the heights of Amblinourt.

At the same hour, at the headquarters of Chemery, Blumenthal had the Wurtemberg Division build a bridge over the Meuse. The Eleventh Corps, moving before dawn, crossed the Meuse at Domle-Mesnil and at Donchery, and reached Virgine-Sur-Bois. The artillery followed and commanded the road from Virgine to Sedan. The Wurtemberg Division defended the bridge it built and commanded the road from Sedan to Mezieres. At 5 o'clock, the Second Bavarian Corps, headed by its artillery, moved one of its divisions and sent it by Bulson toward Frenois; the other division passed by Noyers and formed before Sedan, between Frenois and Wadelincourt. The reserve artillery was installed upon the heights on the left bank, opposite Donchery.

At that very moment the Sixth Division of Cavalry moved from Mazeray and, by Pontancourt and Bolzicourt, reached the Meuse at Flize; the Second division of Cavalry left its quarters and took up its position south of Pontancourt; the Fourth Division of Cavalry took up its position south of Frenois; the First Bavarian Corps stood at Remilly, the Fifth Division of Cavalry and the Sixth Corps were in observation, and all, in line and in order, massed upon the heights, awaited the dawn. The Prince Royal of Prussia was on horseback on the hill of Frenois.

Simultaneously, on all points of the horizon, similar movements were effected. The high hills were suddenly invaded by an immense black army. Not a cry of command was heard. Two hundred and fifty thousand men came, in dumbness, and formed a circle about the Fond de Givonne.

The circle was composed as follows: The Bavarians, right wing, at Bazelles, on the Meuse; near the Bavarians, the Saxons, at La Moncelle, and at Daigny; opposite Givonne, the Royal Guard; the Fifth Corps at Saint Menges; the second at Flaingneux; on the bend of the Meuse, between Saint Menges and Donchery, the Wurtembergers; Count Stolburg and his cavalry at Donchery; in front toward Sedan the Second Bavarian Army.

All this was achieved in spectral fashion, in order, without a breath, without a noise, through the forests, the ravines, and the valleys. A sinuous and sinister march. A dragging along of reptiles.

Scarcely was a murmur audible beneath the thick foliage. The silent battle swarmed in the darkness while awaiting daybreak.

The French Army slept. Suddenly it awoke. It was a captive. The sun rose, splendid as it shown toward God, terrible as it shown toward man.

Let us define the situation. The Germans have numerical strength on their side; they are three to one, four, perhaps, they confess to having 250,000 men, but it is certain that their line of attack was 30 kilometres in length; they held the positions, crown the heights, fill the forests, they are covered by all steep, they are masked by all the shadows, they have matchless artillery. The French army is in a hollow, almost without artillery and ammunition, naked under their grape-shot. The Germans have ambush on their side, the French have on theirs nothing but heroism. It is a fine thing to die, but a good thing to surprise.

This achievement at arms is a surprise. Is it fair war? Yes, but if this be fair war, what is foul war? the same thing.

Thus much said, and the battle of Sedan is recounted.

We would stop here. But we cannot. Great though the horror of the historian he, history is a duty, and must be fulfilled. There is no more imperious slope than this: to tell the truth; whoever ventures upon it rolls to the bottom. It must be so. The Judge is doomed to justice.

The battle of Sedan is more than a battle which is fought; it is a syllogism which finishes itself; dread premeditation of destiny. Fate never hurries, but always attains its goal. Her strikes and it is there. It lets years go by, then when least thought of, it appears. Sedan is the fatal unexpected. From time to time, in history, divine logic makes sorties. Sedan is one of these sorties.

So, on the 1st of September, at five o'clock in the morning, the world awoke under the sun, and the French Army under the thunderbolt.

Bazelle, takes fire, Givonne, takes fire, Floing takes fire; the thing begins by a furnace. The whole horizon is aflame. The French camp is in this crater, stupefied, scared, startled, in a funeral wail. A ring of thunderbolts encircles the army. Extermination hems it in.

This immense murder is carried on all sides at once. The French resist, and they are terrible, for they have nothing left them but despair. Our guns, almost all old-fashioned and carrying badly, are immediately dismounted by the terrible and precise aim of the Prussians. The density of the rain of shells upon the valley is such that "the earth is ruled," says a witness, "as by a rake." How many guns? Eleven hundred at least. Twelve German batteries on the Moncelle only, the third and fourth *Abtheilung*, a frightful artillery, on the crests of Givonne, with the Second Horse Battery as a reserve; opposite Douzy, ten Saxons and two Wurtemberg batteries; the curtain of trees in the wood north of Villers-Cernay conceals the mounted *Abtheilung* with the Third Heavy Artillery as a reserve, and from this gloomy thicket is poured a formidable fire; the twenty-five pieces of heavy artillery form a battery in the clearing near the road from La Moncelle to La Chapelle; the battery of the Royal Guard sets fire to the wood De la Garenne; the bombs and bullets riddle Suchy, Francheval, Four-aux-Bois, and the valley between Heibes and Givonne; and the triple and quadruple row of guns extend without a break to the cavalry of Illy, the most remote point of the horizon.

The German soldiers, seated or recumbent before the batteries, look upon the artillery doing its work. The French soldiers fall and die. Among the corpses which cover the plain is one, that of an officer, upon which they will find, after the battle, a sealed paper containing this order, signed by Napoleon: "This September 1, rest for the whole army." The valiant Thirty-fifth Regiment of the Line disappears almost entirely under the crushing mass of shells; the brave marines hold the Saxons and Bavarians in check for an instant, but, being overthrown on all sides, fall back; the whole admirable cavalry of Marguerite's division, hurled against the German infantry, stops and breaks down when half way on its road, exterminated says the Prussian report, "by well directed and quiet fire." This field of carnage has three issues, all of which are closed: the Bouillon road, by the Prussian Guard, the Carignan road, by the Wurtembergers, and the Mezieres road, by the French. The French have not thought of barricading the viaduct of the railroad; three German battalions have occupied it all night; two isolated houses on the Balan road might have been the pivot of a prolonged resistance, but the Germans held them; the Montvillers Park, at

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Bazelles, deep and full of thick foliage, might have prevented the Saxons, who are masters of La Moncelle, and the Bavarians, who are masters of Bazelles, from effecting a junction, but the French have been forestalled, and the Bavarians are seen there, cutting away the hedges with their sickles.

The German army moves all of a piece with absolute unity; the Prince of Saxony is on the hill of Mairy, whence he commands the scene. In the French army the command oscillates at the outset of the battle; at 5.45, MacMahon is wounded by the fragment of a shell; at seven o'clock Ducrot takes his place; at ten o'clock Wimpfen takes Ducrot's.

From minute to minute the wall of the fire approaches, the thunder-roll is continuous, a sinister pulverizing of 90,000 men. Nothing like it was ever witnessed; never did an army sink under such a falling mass of grape. At one o'clock all is lost. The regiments take refuge, pell-mell, in Sedan. But Sedan begins to burn; Le Dijnval burns; the ambulances burn; nothing but a dash through the lines is possible. Wimpfen, brave and firm, suggests it to the Emperor. The Third Zouaves, maddened, have set the example; being parted from the remainder of the army, they have made their way through the foe and reached Belgium. A flight of lions.

Suddenly, above the disaster, above the enormous heap of slain and dying men, above all this hapless heroism appears shame. The white flag is hoisted. There were three Turenne and Vauban—both present, one in his statue, the other in his citadel.

The statue and the citadel assisted at the horrible capitulation. The two virgins, one of bronze, the other of granite, felt themselves prostituted. O, august brow of our country! O, eternal blush of shame!

The Growth of Interest in Dogs. (From "Our Pets and Protectors," by Wm. M. Tilton, in May SCIENCE.)

If anything were wanting to convince the skeptical as to the high status of the dog in this country at the present day, it would only be necessary for him to attend one of the dog or "bench" shows which are held in all the principal cities. Although Englishmen have always been more enthusiastic over these four-footed friends than we, yet even there a great revival occurred some fifteen years ago when "bench" shows became common, and rivalry led to closer study and great improvements, in all popular breeds. The fever finally spread to this country, but was at first confined almost entirely to dogs used for sporting purposes, such as the setter and the pointer; and it was not until the occurrence of the show given by the Westminster Kennel Club in New York city last spring that the merits of the non-sporting classes, and their right to a prominent position at dog shows was fully recognized. It was but just that this should be so. We cannot all be sportsmen, and the owner of a pure mastiff or St. Bernard, or even a diminutive terrier or pug, may take the same pride and pleasure in the possession of his or her pet and companion, as the sportsman does in his "bird" dog. Had we ever been blessed with a Landseer or a Harrison Weir in this country, it is possible that our knowledge of the various breeds of dogs might not be so limited. As it is, we are obliged to go to England for our authorities and for our standards of excellence. There is but one breed of dogs that can be said to have originated in the United States, and that is the Chesapeake Bay retriever, and of course the ancestors of this strain came from Great Britain, although how and when is a matter of uncertainty. Our best dogs (I speak of the classes about which I am writing) are all either direct importations or but one or two generations removed from such, and nine out of ten persons who are describing to you the excellences of their pets will say with pride that he, or his sire or dam, was imported from the kennels of So-and-so. In a few years all this will be changed. We are importing the best, and with careful mating there is no doubt but that we shall equal or excel the productions of our English cousins. They are coming to us for their short-horns; we may yet send them dogs. A gentleman who breeds St. Bernards told me recently he could almost guarantee that there would be fifty entries of these dogs alone at the Westminster Kennel Club show which occurs on the fourteenth of May, 1878.

Norristown Herald: A Boston paper says: "A butterfly was caught at the South End yesterday." It may be safe enough to catch a butterfly at the south end, but when you go to grab a wasp you want to catch it at the northeastern end, shifting westerly towards the head.

Some school girls in Pennsylvania were attacked by rattlesnakes, and frightened them away by flaunting their red petticoats. Dear, dear! why didn't Eve think of that?—The Country.

No Half-Way Doin's.

ELMER RUSSELL.

Belubbed folk travelers! I's holdin' forth to-day:
I doesn't quote no special varse for what I hab to say:
De surmon will be berry short, an' dis yer am de text:
Dat half-way doin's a'n't no 'count for dis worl' or de nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a-livin' in is like de cotton row
Whar ebery called gentlemans has got him lise to hoe;
And ebery time a lazy niggah stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews across de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a goin' jes' as fas' as fas' dey could;
You s'pose dat dey dey eber hab succeeded in de war,
An' ebery day de 'roms' Lan' at las', ef dey had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dat was a garden once, whar Adam liled wid Eve,
Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to lere;
An' ebery day was Christmas, an' dey got dar rathuns free,
An' ebery ing belonged to dem 'cept jus' one apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake came swoopin' 'round;
A stump-all rusty moccasin, a crawlin' on de groun';
How Eve an' Adam eat de fruit, an' went an' hid dar face;
Till de angel oberseer he came and drew 'em out of place.

Now s'pose dat man an' 'ooman had n't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone 'bout dar gardenin' an' 'tended to dar work;
Dey wouldn't 'ab been losin' whar dey had no business to,
An' de devil dat nigger got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's bredren! I'll netter do, I say!
Go at your doin' an' finish it, an' den's de way;
For eben if de crap is good, de rain'll spile de hole;
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your soul.

Keep a-plovin' an' a-hoelin' an' a-scrapiin' ob de rows,
An' whar de grinnin's ober, you can pay up whar you owes;
But if you quit a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebbly upon eberyting you's got.

Wharsher 'tis you's dribbin' in, be shore an' ob de rows,
An' den's de way to stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a niggah foolin', den, as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob de horn.

I 'ank you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon—
Sister William will chlege us by a raisin, ob a tune—
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de bat,
Now don't let hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat!

—Scribner's Monthly.

Our Olio.

A Thrilling and Fatal Accident.

Brief mention has been made of the death of John Strickland, in New York, who was thrown from a six horse wagon belonging to Barnum's circus, and was killed on the stones of the street. The story of the accident is a thrilling one. The Express says: "In passing under the elevated railroad his horses took fright at the passing train and dashed wildly down the street. The horses were a splendid team, coal-black, well matched, and in high condition. As the frightened animals dashed along many persons spoke of the courage and nerve of the driver, who, although he could not control his steeds, did his best to guide them."

"It was an exciting scene. All who witnessed it expected that even if Sixth, Fifth and Madison avenues were crossed without collision with one of the horse cars or omnibuses, surely an accident would occur as soon as the wagon reached the eastern side of Fourth avenue, where, at the terminus of three horse railway lines, the cars form an almost permanent barricade of Forty-second street."

"But the team crossed Sixth and Fifth avenues without meeting any obstructions, and flew past the Grand Central depot without accident. It was then expected that Strickland, who clung to his dangerous post with wonderful tenacity, would be able to check the mad career of his team before any harm had been done. While passing over the network of railroad tracks in Forty-second street, between Fourth and Lexington avenues, the off wheels of the wagon were caught in a switch, the axles snapped off short, and both the fore and rear wheels went spinning along to the gutter. Strickland was thrown from the seat heading to the pavement and instantly killed. The horses, dragging the wrecked wagon had proceeded only a short distance farther when the forepart of the wagon became wedged between a large telegraph pole and an ornamental lamp-post on the southeast corner of Lexington avenue and Forty-second street, and the panic-stricken horses were brought to a halt."

If any farmer would stop and estimate the actual cost in time in letting down and putting up a single pair of bars between his lane and the barnyard during a period of twelve months, he will, if his time is worth anything to himself, go straightway and build a substantial gate for such a spot.

Feeding chopped onions to poultry is said to eradicate lice. For young chickens three feedings a week in the spring and part of the summer are sufficient.

Mark Twain on Development.

At the dinner recently given to Bayard Taylor in New York, on the eve of departing for Berlin, Mark Twain in one of his characteristic speeches made the following decided hit:

"Development, sir; development! Natural selection! Correlation of the sexes! Spontaneous combustion! What gulf and whirlwinds of intellectual stimulus these magic words fling upon the burning canvass of the material universe of the soul! Across the chasm of the ages we take the oyster by the hand and call him brother; and back, and still further back we go and breathe the germ we cannot see, and know in him our true Adam! And as we stand, dazed, transfixed, exalted, and gaze down the long procession of life, marking how steadily, how symmetrically we have ascended, step by step, to our sublime estate and dignity of humanity—out of one lowly form into a little higher and a little higher form—adding grace after grace and function after function with each and every change—developing from tadpoles into frogs, frogs into fishes, fishes into birds, birds into reptiles, reptiles into Russians—I beg a million pardons, sir and gentlemen—it was a wholly innocent slip of the tongue, and due only to the excitement of debate—for, far be it from me, upon such an occasion as this to cast a seeming slur upon a great nation with whom we are at peace—a great and noble and Christian nation—whom God expand!"

But, as I was about to remark, I maintain—and nothing can ever drive me from that position—that the contributions of the nineteenth century to science and the industrial arts—are—are—but, of course they are. There is not any need to dwell upon that—

You look at it yourself. Look at steam! Look at the steamboat, look at the railway, look at the steamship! Look at the telegraph, which enables you to flash your thoughts from world to world, ignoring intervening seas. Look at the telephone, which enables you to speak into affliction's remote ear the word that cheers, and into the ear of the foe the opinion which you ought not to risk at a shorter range. Look at the sewing-machine, look at the fog-horn, look at the bell-punch, look at the book-agent. And, more than all, a thousand times, look at the last and greatest, the aeroplane, which will enable Moody and Sankey to stand on the tallest summit of the Rocky mountains and deliver their message to listening America!—and necessarily it will annul and do away with the pernicious custom of taking up a collection. Look at these things, sir, and say if it is not a far prouder and more precious boon to have been born in the nineteenth century than in any century that went before it. Ah, sir, clothed with the all-sufficient grandeur of citizenship in the nineteenth century, even the wild and arid New Jerseyman might—a mistake, sir, a mistake and entirely unintentional. Of all the kingdoms' principalities and countries with which it is our privilege to hold peaceful relations, I regard New Jersey as dearest to our admiration, nearest to our heart, the wisest and the purest among the nations. I retire the undiplomatic language and beg your sympathy and indulgence."

Yesterday's New Bonnets.

How They Looked When Elegant Congregations Moved Home from Church.

Linger before the glass caused fair church-goers to hurry while on the street in the middle of the morning, but after service they moved at leisure along the shady sidewalks, going this way and that in such slow procession as to indicate that they were thinking more about their neighbors' bonnets than their own dinners. Walnut street, from Ninth street to Rittenhouse Square, was especially gay the morning of twelve and one o'clock. The congregations from the Holy Trinity, St. Mark's, St. Stephen's, St. James', the Church of the Epiphany and other Episcopal churches, and from St. John's Catholic Church, turned into it from the various other streets. The north sidewalk was deserted, because the sun was warm enough to make faces glow too much. The ladies preferred to poise their bell-topped and canopy-topped parasols on the other side, where there was no sun. Beneath the parasols were many hundreds of new suits, dark colors predominating to such a degree as to cover up the idea that Easter Sunday this year fell upon a late April day, one month removed from the winds of March. There was green, however, almost everywhere—in light moss suitings, bonnet ties, bonnet garniture, or, more prettily, in sprigs of grass, smilax or arbutus, which were belted to or pinned to the bodice. No two bonnets were alike. There were some that looked as if they had been dipped in a solution of gold and silver, gay coiffures from the first Parisian importation. "Marie Stuart," "Countess of Roseberry" and cottage bonnets were plentiful, but capote

shapes in black, white and ecru French chip evidently prevailed. Young misses—who were, by the way, almost all dressed in light goods—wore the capote with a flaring front. Ostrich tips, growing from soft folds of satin, and feathers generally were more numerous than garniture in flowers. This was, of course, among the young people, black lace bonnets with real lace trimmings appearing among those more elderly. Light suitings were very noticeable in the other sex. Young fellows in bannock burnus of the same goldish-gray color as their grandmothers' hair walked by the side of the grandmothers, who themselves stepped quite briskly, remembering few such Easters. Half of the young men, or such a number, had in their buttonholes the pansy, which is most fragrant just at this time, and which if pressed this Easter will retain its deep purple color and canary spot until another Easter comes.

On all the avenues of the city, indeed, where large churches are located, the "coming home" was worth looking at.—*Phila. Times of Monday.*